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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

TALITHA KOUN.

Edward A. Wicher.

In the chamber there was loud, confused din,
Noise of wailing, women's voices high and thin,
Hollow howling, filling all the space within.

Jarius' little daughter lay upon the bed,
Lately summoned to the kingdom of the dead,
Cause of mourning, object of a nameless dread.

Lo, the Saviour enters graciously the room,
Calmly moves amid the surging wail of doom,
Glowing with holy might that overcomes the gloom.

Hark: he speaks, "She is not dead, she is asleep."
With bitter laughter do they mock him, while they weep,
And there is sobbing, jeering, hooting, moaning deep.

With lofty mien and calm, untroubled face,
He drives the hireling mourners from the place,
Out of the door, into the court-yard's space.

Close to the sacred presence of the dead
He comes with firm, unhesitating tread—
Only his chosen ones are thither led—

The father and mother of the child, the three,
Peter and James and John, who were to be
Witnesses to his sovereign majesty.

O mystery of strong and tender hand,
That makest anew humanity unmann'd,
That thrill'st death and causest it to stand.

Again the Saviour speaks, "Talitha Koun,"
With unspent strength he breaks the fearful doom
And spoils the powers of darkness and the tomb.

Happy the eyes that looked upon that sight!
Happy the hearts that knew that holy might!
Happy the souls that loved that new-born light!

Among the ages moves our Saviour-King,
And wearied men their burdens on him fling,
And broken men unto his strong hands cling.

Where he appears confusion becomes peace,
The shrill-voiced cries of the distraught world cease,
And life leaps forth from death and powers increase.

San Anselmo, California, April 2nd, 1907.

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THE INEQUALITIES.

At a meeting in San Francisco last week of the members of the carmen's union one man said: "For over a year we have been trying to get enough money to pay our bills and keep our families from starvation. Now the way opens up for us to get this money. For myself I want \$3 and eight hours." Another said: "We stand for an eight hour day so that we can give some of our time to our wives and children. As it is we come home at all hours of the day and night. Our home life is completely broken up."

We have no desire to enter into the contention between the carmen's union and the San Francisco street railway. This editorial is written merely to show that in their effort to get such a wage and such hours as will make it possible for them to support their families properly the car men should not be condemned so long as they resort to no unlawful measures. This article is being written before the carmen have decided whether to strike or to accept the offer of the company, and the writer of it too far distant from the scene of action at the decisive moment to consider in these columns the justifiability of a strike if ordered under present conditions in San Francisco.

That which makes it impossible for us to sympathize with the street railway company in its contention with the car-men is what seems to be the fact that the company is able to give the men better terms. We do not see how a man with a family can support himself and family properly in San Francisco on \$3 a day. Why should he be asked to try to do so by a wealthy corporation? Of course the great loss by the street railway company in and through the disaster of last year should be considered. But the prevailing opinion is that the company will ere long be making a handsome profit on its investments. It is said that the company prefers to admit its ability to pay even a higher wage rather than open up its books for inspection. If it be asked, Why should the company present its books for inspection? Is not its business its own? No, its business is not its own! All our business is our brother man's business and God's business. And books that are not opened here will be opened hereafter. Then will it be seen whether there has been justice between man and man.

We do not believe that the great inequalities in the world are right in God's sight. A leveling down and

a leveling up process is urgently demanded. (And this applies both to the industrial and the religious spheres.) No doubt workingmen often err in their estimate of the desirability and pleasantness of such a life as men at the head of great industries lead. There are men of wealth working more hours every day than the workingman who labors nine or ten hours at his stated task. There are few really soft places in life. Nevertheless the workingman sees the man in business in the enjoyment of certain advantages; he sees not a few people rolling in wealth to which his hard toil has contributed, and he wonders whether God has intended that it should always be so. He comes to the conclusion, and, we believe, rightly too, that it was not ordained to continue, and sets about for a change in conditions. This is where we are in this present age; to this stage we have arrived. Men are not to be allowed much longer to pile up great fortunes as Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller piled up theirs, and then give out here and there as may seem best to them. It is better that the money should go little by little, week by week, into the homes of the workingmen than that they should live without a margin and the money be accumulated by a few even though used beneficently at last.

When is considered the fact that men in many of the great business enterprises of the present age make great fortunes in a few years and then revel in luxury, while the men who toiled for them toil on without perhaps even a home or anything in store for sickness or old age, it is not to be wondered at that workingmen are calling loudly and increasingly for a readjustment. The business world must consider these things; the church must consider them; every man enrolled under the banner of Jesus of Nazareth must consider them. The church is on trial. Even Christianity is on trial.

Christian men in increasing numbers are getting a vision. Will they have the courage to follow the vision?

We have said herein that both in the industrial and in the religious sphere are inequalities that are not right in God's sight. Is it right that hard by any large and flourishing church there should be a struggling church? Is it right that in any one city one minister should have his thousands in way of salary while another in a work comparatively as important worries along on a few hundred? We believe that these are questions which the church must consider. And the man, whether minister or layman, who is once impressed with the idea that such conditions ought not to be, will have no peace of conscience until he does all that he can do to change them. It will be necessary to do more than write about them, talk about them, preach about them; it will be necessary to act about them, perhaps even unto great sacrifice.

"Dark our night and the dawn seems far,
Dark our world and despair is strong.
How shall we find the guiding star,
How shall we triumph o'er sin and wrong?"

Follow, follow, till truth prevail,
Share the suffering, bear the pain,
Man must struggle, and strive, and fail,
Ere Christ is born in the world again."

MISSIONARY SOCIETIES WITH HEAVY DEBTS.

We quote as follows from the New York Post:

"With but few exceptions, the missionary boards and societies, the fiscal years of which close this spring, are reporting a falling off in receipts from churches and individuals. Officials of organizations say they cannot account for the fact that contributions do not meet expenditures, because there has hardly been a year, at least in recent times, when there has been more agitation for the missionary cause, and agitation that has originated not in the missionary organizations, but out among the churches.

"The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, which closes its year April 30, is likely to report to the General Assembly an increase in debt. Last year it reported \$110,000 debt, caused in large measure by a falling off in legacies. This year has seen several missionary conventions, each calling upon the Presbyterian Church to make large advances in missionary work, and one, a laymen's convention in Omaha, seriously proposing that the Board should quadruple its work. Notwithstanding this, the contributions are unlikely to reach the average of \$1 per Presbyterian member, or a total of \$1,250,000 to carry on the usual work of the Board.

"The American Baptist Missionary Union closed its fiscal year on March 31, and reports a deficit for the year of \$85,000. The American Board, which has completed seven months of its year, reports a falling off of \$23,000 in receipts, although legacies are almost a like amount ahead of last year's figures at this date. This means a falling off in gifts from churches, individuals, women's boards, Sunday-schools and young people's organizations of over \$45,000, a condition of affairs that is causing apprehension among the friends of the great Congregational Mission organization that it may again find itself in debt when its year ends on August 31.

"Among home mission organizations financial conditions are as bad, if not worse, than with the organizations devoted to foreign missions. The Congregational Home Missionary Society has just closed its year with receipts about \$30,000 under those of last year, and with an accumulated debt of \$179,926. This is a few thousand dollars less than the debt reported last year, and there has been an increase of \$75,000 in the invested funds of the society, and its new secretary, the Rev. Dr. H. C. Herring, and other officials express some encouragement, while realizing the need for hard and active work to build up receipts and wipe out the debt.

"The American Baptist Home Mission Society this year celebrates its seventy-fifth anniversary, and has just closed its books for the year with a debt of \$74,000. The executive board has issued a statement to the effect that it has resolved to cut down its work because of lack of support. It is stated that the debt has been accumulating from year to year and the board is resolved that if support for its work is not to be forthcoming the work must be cut down to bring it within the limits of available resources, cost what it may in the crippling of missionary enterprises. Therefore a ten per cent reduction has been decided upon thereby lessening the annual liability from \$30,000 to \$35,000."

Skillful physicians differ sometimes in diagnosis. But there must be diagnosis if treatment is to be intelligently administered in case of disease. There

have been conditions in the church for some time which demand diagnosis. Skillful diagnosticians differ in their opinions thereon. It is to be hoped that some common ground may be reached ere long and curative remedies be administered.

CONTEMPLATED CHANGES IN METHODISM.

As we have stated heretofore the trend everywhere is toward more democracy in the church. The Boston Transcript sets forth as follows a movement in the Methodist Episcopal Church:

"Ministers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are already planning to secure action by the General Conference, which is to meet in Baltimore in the spring of 1908, which will change the mode of selecting presiding elders in all the Methodist conferences. Under the present rules the presiding elders, who are superintendents of districts within the conferences, are appointed by the bishops who preside at the annual conferences. It is stated by Methodist leaders that there would be no objection to this method of appointment, were it not for the fact that the presiding elders are very powerful in the matter of the appointment of Methodist pastors to churches, and the present agitation has arisen from a desire on the part of the rank and file of the Methodist ministry that it have a ruling voice in the choosing of these men in whom is delegated so much responsibility.

"In theory, the bishop who presides at an annual conference in the Methodist Church makes all appointments of preachers to charges. As a matter of fact, it is alleged, the bishop presiding at an annual conference is assigned to that duty, and frequently he has no knowledge of the conditions of churches within the conference bounds, other than that which he may gain during the sessions of the conference or by advice of the presiding elders. At these annual conferences the presiding bishop and the presiding elders constitute what is known as the "cabinet," and by this small body, seldom consisting of more than four or five men, the appointments of pastors to charges is decided.

"Methodist preachers are not objecting to this method of appointing them to churches, but they do say that they should have a controlling voice in the selection of the presiding elders, the men who have so much power in the matter. Therefore, the general conference is to be asked to change the rules and permit every annual conference to elect its presiding elders, taking from the presiding bishops the power of appointment.

"The New York Conference has adopted a memorial to that effect, and other conferences to meet this spring are expected to do the same, and when the fall conferences meet it is believed that the agitation will have grown still more.

"There are some Methodist leaders who assert that their Church has grown beyond the need for any presiding elders at all. These contend that the Church will be greatly helped and its influence extended, if provision is made for a sufficient number of bishops to visit all the churches annually or oftener, letting these higher ecclesiastical officers do the work now committed to the presiding elders. There are about five hundred presiding elders in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and it is stated that they cost the Church about \$1,000,000 annually, besides the expense of maintaining residences for them. The same amount of

money, these leaders state, would make it possible to add to the number of active bishops, so that the congregations might be stimulated, as are those of the Protestant Episcopal Church, by the periodical visit of the man who, locally, stands at the forefront of the Methodist system.

"Some leaders are not sanguine that the General Conference of 1908 will make the desired change, either in the method of the selection of presiding elders or in their abolition from the system, but they believe that the agitation of the subject will bring about a change, even if it does not come until the conference of 1912."

We doubt not that the method of appointing the presiding elders will be changed ere long, and the Methodist Church will after a while do as the United Brethren Church has already done—greatly reduce the number of such elders; and, perhaps, finally as herein intimated do away with the office entirely.

The presiding elder is of no great value, and his maintenance is a matter of considerable expense. The United Brethren are getting along with a greatly diminished number just as well as when they had the old time quota. And they haven't any more bishops than they had before the number of the presiding elders was lessened.

"THE NEW THEOLOGY."

A Review of Rev. R. J. Campbell's Recent Book.

The very human angel who has been troubling the pool of religious thought in England is a stimulating, if not a constructive, thinker. Hasty, ill-balanced and often irritating as is this piece of holiday theology, it is full of vitality, earnestness and insight,—a book neither to be frowned down, nor yet foisted into a place of permanent prestige.

The first thing that attracts the attention of the reader is the vividness, clarity and force of the style, and the next thing is its impulsiveness and extravagance. Mr. Campbell either does not know how, or does not care, to write a qualified sentence. All his assertions are unqualified and absolutely affirmations. Sometimes he follows these affirmations with modifying statements in the direction of sobriety and balance, and sometimes he does not. The result is unconvincing. Such a writer always over-states himself and cannot be correctly quoted without quoting all that he has ever written or said. This habit is quite pardonable in a preacher, who may rightly aim at vividness of impression and depend upon the sermon as a whole to leave the right *ensemble*, but when one chooses the printed page for his medium he subjects himself to more stringent laws of expression, in which accuracy, qualification, revision are demanded. Thus Mr. Campbell subjects himself to misunderstanding and criticism.

The frank avowal of the foundation of the author's theology in Hegelian monistic idealism is not, to many readers, a predisposing introduction to what follows. A universe that is "one means to the self-realization of the Infinite" is quite another cosmic motive from a universe that is the Divine self-expression, and can hardly be reconciled with that conception of God as the Perfect Person which is the very heart of Christianity. Nor will the explanation of evil as only the "perceived privation of good" meet the full consent of the moral consciousness. Yet one can heartily say Amen to most of what Mr. Campbell has

to say about the doctrine of the Fall. The chapters on "The Divine Man," "The Eternal Christ," and "The Incarnation of the Son of God" are quite the ablest, most constructive and thoughtful part of the volume. Mr. Campbell emphatically adopts and illuminates the Christo-centric and Trinitarian view point and clearly differentiates his theology from Unitarianism. The treatment of the Atonement is far more negative, and exhibits more of protest than of construction. The relation of the church to the Kingdom of God is convincingly stated, and furnishes the author an opportunity for a well-founded and passionate appeal to a united consecration on the part of the churches to the tasks of the Kingdom.

The book proves Mr. Campbell to be a frank, free, whole-souled truth-lover—somewhat too sure that in finding a part he has found the whole—but a man of courage, vision and power to stimulate other minds, whose word is to be welcomed and weighed. That he is a strong, original, well-poised leader, the book gives little evidence. But so clear and vivid and earnest an interpreter of much of the best religious thought of our time—while not to be followed blindly—cannot be set aside or condemned without serious loss to the cause which he so ardently strives to serve.

John Wright Buckham.

DISCIPLES' EXPERIENCE AS RELATED TO CHRIST.

Rev. C. C. Cragin.

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing, where we cannot prove."

Does that represent a genuine experience, or is it a poet's dream? And if it is genuine, what is it. what is it worth, what will it cost? Let us go back nineteen centuries, and study Christ's dealings with the Twelve.

I. What did he do for them?

1. He instructed them. He was the teacher; they were the disciples, **the learners**. That was the meaning of the word "disciple"; that is the fact in the case. They learned that God was their father, men were their brothers, sin was their enemy, heaven was their home. Their teacher taught with marvelous wisdom and patience and pathos and power; but they were very slow to learn. But he lived the truth he taught, and the perfect life won a hearing that the matchless lips had failed to gain.

2. The Master trained the disciples. He disciplined them. Though a disciple means a learner, discipline is much more than learning. Learning has to do with the head; discipline, with the will. Discipline is learning transferred to conduct and character. When Lyman Abbott says that religion is not something done **for** a man, it is **something** done **in** him, he emphasizes discipline. When Froude says, "In schools and colleges, in fleet and army, discipline means success," he honors discipline. The Twelve learned discipline from the Master of men. All except the traitor became drilled soldiers of the cross. For three years they underwent discipline under the eye of the great Captain of our salvation. Christ instructed them, and he trained and disciplined them.

3. And he made companions of them. He called

them **friends**; he fellowshipped with them; he took them to his heart. Military discipline is of necessity stern. It puts the guard house before the eye of the disobedient and the careless. The officer must punish, if he would command. But Christ punished the denial of Peter with so loving a look that the disciple burst into a flood of tears. Christ's reproof of the sleepers on guard was the loving inquiry: "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" He taught the disciples **how** contemptible was their strife for the highest place, when he himself took upon him the service of the lowest servant, and washed their feet.

Prof. Phelps tells us that when Dannecker, the German sculptor, had labored two years upon his statue of Christ, he called into his studio a little girl, and asked her, "Who is that?" She replied, "A great man." The artist turned away disheartened. But he began anew, and after another year or two, he again invited the child into his studio and repeated the inquiry, "Who is that?" This time he was not disappointed. After looking in silence for a while, she burst into tears, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." It was enough; he knew that his work was a success.

So the disciples looked upon Christ at first as a great teacher, and a worker of stupendous miracles; but later they knew him best as their personal friend, calming their fears, dispelling their doubts, wiping away their tears, patient with their faults, helping to a better manhood.

4. I do not think the disciples knew that Christ saved them, or that they needed salvation, till they saw him after the resurrection. But when they wrote to the churches, they said, "He hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling;" "Ye knew that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." And long before they had written these marvelous words, they had replied to the question of the penitent jailor, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"—"they had replied, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

This I understand is the disciples' experience as related to Christ. He instructed them, trained and disciplined them, made them his companions and friends, and saved them.

II. What was the result on their conduct and character? The fishermen and publican became missionaries. The disciples became apostles. Selfish, indolent, cowardly men were transformed into noble, zealous, fearless champions of the truth, lovers of mankind, life-savers. Like the plant in Central America, whose roots and stems and leaves are an infallible antidote against the bites of all poisonous insects and reptiles, so Christ was the safeguard of the Twelve against the poison of sin, not in any magical, mysterious way, but by the power of his personality on their lives, by the changes in their character brought about by contact with his character. They realized the dream of the poet:

"And oh for a man to arise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be!"

What did they say of their experience? Not what the self-conscious, trustful hymn declares,

"O how I love Jesus;"

but something more akin to this,

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of his love in the book he has given
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me."

For the disciples said, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." They did not live in a condition of morbid self-examination, like the monks of the Middle Ages; they had confidence and assurance, and their testimony was triumphant: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." Doubters, mariners without chart or compass, undecided, vacillating? Not so! "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

What was their experience? The word means tried out, put to the test; and their experience was something real, genuine, substantial, resting on the Rock of Ages. Hear them on the witness stand: "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life—For the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and shew unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us—That which we have seen and heard, declared we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son, Jesus Christ."

Here is evidence visual, audible, tangible; to the disciples, convincing, transforming, inspiring, electrifying. Here is an experience which has no parallel in previous history or literature.

III. Is there anything like it now? A friend once said to Tennyson: "Tell me what Jesus Christ is to you personally;" and the great poet pointed to a rose-bush laden with magnificent blossoms, which the sun had wooed out from the bare, thorny bush, and he said: "What the sun is to this rose-bush, Jesus Christ is to me." That is what Tennyson meant, then, in his invocation in the *In Memoriam*:

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing, where we cannot prove."

But Tennyson was a poet, and poets are dreamers, visionaries, dwelling in a world of imagination. Their experiences do not always rest on a basis of hard fact, like that of men who live practical lives in the world of workers, where dreams count for little. But put Gladstone on the witness-stand. He was a statesman and a man of affairs, stout-limbed, massive, the veteran of a century. To a doubter this man declared with the impressiveness of the orator, and the assurance of the thinker who penetrates to the heart of things—Gladstone said: "All I think, all I write, all I am, is based on the divinity of Jesus Christ, the central hope of our poor, wayward race."

Disciples' experience as related to Christ! Here is Tennyson's, here is Gladstone's. What is yours and mine? We can find Christ; we can know him; we can reveal him; we can make the world see that he is the one who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me;" who said also, "Come unto me, all ye that labor

and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" who said further, "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

Isn't that an experience worth having? An interview with God and Christ, nay, a permanent fellowship, a constant intercourse, an abiding continually in their presence!

IV. **How is this experience to be gained?** By loving obedience. "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

Edward Markham tells of another way of finding Christ, of another experience which is based on scripture:

"I cried aloud, 'There is no Christ
In all this world unparadised.
No Christ, to go to in my need,
No Christ, to comfort me and feed!
He passed in glory out of sight;
The angels drew him into light.
Now in the lonesome earth and air,
I cannot find him anywhere.
Would God that heaven was not so far,
And I were where the white ones are!
Then from the gray stones of a street,
Where goes an ocean drift of feet,
I heard a child's cry tremble up,
And turned to share my scanty cup;
When, lo, the Christ I thought was dead,
Was in the little one I fed.
At this I drew my aching eyes
From the far-watching of the skies.
And now, which ever way I turn,
I see my Lord's white halo burn.
Where ever now a sorrow stands,
'Tis mine to heal his nail-torn hands.
In every lonely lane and street,
'Tis mine to wash his wounded feet.
'Tis mine to roll away the stone,
And warm his heart against my own.
Here, here, on earth, I find it all—
The young archangels, white and tall,
The golden city and the doors,
And all the shining of the floors."

This is a genuine Christian experience—finding Christ in work for the poor and lonely. It costs something, like everything else that is worth the having. But it is worth all that it costs. In thinking of the most blessed hours of our life, we do not turn to the splendid things we have seen—the stately palaces, the magnificent cathedrals, the gorgeous paintings, the golden sunsets. Nor do we recall the melodies we have heard—Handel's Messiah, with the harmonies of the pure solo, the swelling chorus and the tuneful orchestra. But our thoughts turn with the greatest satisfaction to the times when we have been enabled to do service to some of the needy on earth, and have realized the Saviour's presence, when we toiled for one of his little ones.

I wish to emphasize two thoughts in closing my presentation; two experiences which I hold before myself as an ideal—the ability to say with the apostle: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." And

I covet, also, that other experience, which enabled the apostle to say, "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblameably, we behaved ourselves among you that believe." How worldly and selfish and imperfect are our lives in contrast with a life so spiritual and unchallengeable as that! Let us strive and pray to do better.

"I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves, to higher things."

THE RESIGNATION FROM THE PASTORATE AT RIVERSIDE.

Mention has already been made in The Pacific of the resignation of the Rev. Edward F. Goff as pastor at Riverside. Since then a copy of the Riverside Enterprise has come to our notice from which we quote: "Mr. Goff has been pastor of the church for nearly eleven years, coming here from Aurora, Ill., where he was pastor of the First Congregational Church for about nine years. He holds a very large place, not only in his own church, but in the city at large, and his departure will leave a vacancy in the community life that will be hard to fill. Sweet-spirited and broad-in his charity, gifted in the pulpit and far-sighted both in the spiritual and material interests of the church, he has made his personality strongly felt and has brought the church up to a high standard. His influence has also been powerful in the Ministerial Association of the city, and he has been an important factor in bringing about the particularly harmonious relations between the pastors of the various denominations of the city." Mr. Goff resigns from the pastorate to become business manager of Pomona College, the call to that work coming to him entirely unsought. In his letter of resignation he said: "My pastorate here has been a very happy one. I have always felt that I was called to it by God and He has certainly blessed our union and fellowship. Now, a clear call comes to me to relinquish my place among you and I can only obey. It is very hard to take this step for we have been together a good while in labor and sacrifice, in joy and sorrow, and have had many common endearing experiences. Mrs. Goff and I will remember with gratitude through eternity what you were to us in our time of affliction. When there was good reason to believe the days of my ministry were ended your sympathy and prayers restored me to health and to the pulpit. It has been a wonder to me that you could bear so well with my infirmity and shortcomings and stand by me so loyally and lovingly.

"You have always been thoughtful about our material well-being. I want it to be known that through all the years of my pastorate, whether I have been with you or not, you have seen to it that my salary was ready for me on the first day of each month, and every bill of the church has been met with like promptitude.

"Since my coming to you, nearly 450 persons have been added to the church, the debt on our place of worship has been paid off and one of the finest parsonages to be seen anywhere has been erected. Some may think that we will feel it a hardship to leave so comfortable and beautiful a home, but that is altogether a mistake. It is not leaving the parsonage, but

leaving the people, that is a hardship. Had we known when the parsonage was started that we would only occupy it for a short time we would have worked to build it with the same interest and enthusiasm. It makes us happy now to know that through the noble self-denial and generosity of our ladies this church can offer to a new pastor so desirable a residence.

"One thing saddens me. In all probability I am now stepping out of the pastorate forever. I want you to know that I firmly believe it to be the best and the happiest calling in the world; its duties are the noblest, its joys the sweetest, its rewards the greatest. What higher honor can God give to a man than to send him forth as His ambassador? What higher honor can any people confer upon a man than to call him to be their counsellor and leader in spiritual things? Could I think for a moment of laying down so glorious a work unless it seemed to me to be the will of God that I should do so?"

GETTING AT THE BOYS.

By Lilburn Merrill, M. D.

[Recently Chief Probation Officer of the Juvenile Court, Denver, Colo.]

Most of our religious organizations are failures in their work with boys. They possess nothing of notable interest to the average adolescent. And of more importance than the absence of any magnetic features in the organization, is the presence of many plans of procedure which are positively repulsive to the ordinary boy. If we are not justified in thus placing a low estimate upon our success, we shall, most of us, be compelled to admit that we fail to reach a representative number of boys. And if by accident or ice cream a crowd of husky lads are persuaded to meet with us, their huskiness is chiefly manifested at the expense of the devotional sentiments, and by the time the effervescence of their enthusiasm has been expended, they are off in search of new adventures, much to the relief of the gentler natures who are pleased to enjoy the soothing devotions of the organization.

Whether we fully appreciate the fact or not, we are confronted with the necessity of making our plans conform to the requirements of the boy we seek to win, rather than try to coerce him to adapt his nature to our ideal, which has been conceived and doted upon in the stuffy, devitalized atmosphere of our chambers of theory and imagination.

We have frequently failed with a boy because he was presented to conditions which do not harmonize with the masculinity of his nature. We devote much time in trying to effeminize boy nature, and in so doing at once strike a decisive blow at the object of our effort. Church work with boys has suffered an irreparable loss during the past through the lethargy of the men. There is a known weakness in much of our effort to get at the boys. It is the selfish indifference of the man who has an opportunity to reach down his hand to the boy at his side and say, "My little man, let's be friends." What will the boy do? Junior worker, you know what the result will be. The man will lift the lad to his own level. Our only concern shall be whether the man walks with Jesus Christ. If he does, then both the boy and the man will be supremely honest, pure and of a strong heart.

Therefore, let the first consideration be given the

individuality of the worker. Follow this with a liberal adoption of new methods. And remember that the man is more important than the methods.

It is not a mistake to live and work in realization of the gregarious nature of the boy. The gang is, unquestionably, an opportunity of which we should avail ourselves. If won to Christ we shall, of course, have a potential of vast importance. And if the gang be well in hand it will be easier for a boy to maintain his standard of righteousness, for he will be encouraged by the unity of sentiment. But I do not believe that boys are redeemed in the aggregate. If the gang is won for Jesus Christ, it shall have to be reached one by one through the magnetic personality of the individual who has been privileged to win the love and confidence of the individual boy.

Devotional meetings are of comparatively small value in getting at the boys. A crowd of youngster can pray easier and more effectually on the run than on their knees. It is easier for a boy to be a Christian in a gymnasium than when back of a hymn-book. A hike across fields is frequently a speedway to God! for in His good land of clean air, fragrant fields, mountains and water, the soul of a normal, vigorous boy will not fail to vibrate in tune with the heart of God whom he has met face to face and learned to love as his Father. Let us not hesitate to sacrifice devotional solitude, so long as taking the boys to the mountains, the forest, the race track or circus, will exert a formative influence which shall be conducive to Christian character and good citizenship.

Boys are naturally religious. But sometimes a Bible, a hymn-book or a season of prayer are the poorest means on earth of awakening their spiritual life. And in saying this I do not in any degree deviate from my fixed conviction that the Bible is of indispensable value in every phase of work with boys. Indeed the religious worker with boys may dispense with all accessories except the Bible, a consecrated heart, a resourceful mind and vigorous body. With this equipment, the successful director will be able to go to work, and so long as he works he will have the boys. But mark you, my friends, the moment there is nothing doing his grip on the lads will weaken. The boys' department must, therefore, be Christianity in action. I might suggest a plan of procedure, but I shall not, for outlines too often lead to ruts; and you know that a gang demands more room than a rut. You must get plans and carry them out. Stick to your job and do the best you can. Above all, keep something doing.

Make your church the center of boy life in your community. If you cannot give them a club room, lie off from your work some afternoon and help the boys dig a cave on the rear end of the church lot. Did you ever crawl on your hands and knees through a passage-way leading from an unsuspected fence corner down into the bowels of the earth, and be compelled to do three right-angled-twists in the tunnel, and as many four-foot "steps-offs" before you could emerge into the appalling solitude of the underground cavern? The knee exercise required in the passage is beneficial, and I have an idea that Old Testament stories never read so well as when you and the boys are in a cave around a boiling kettle of beans, or presumably, lost in a forest and gathered about a crackling camp-fire.

With this, some of you would think I would transplant you and the boys back into a primitive state of

savagery. I do not care to stand for that. It is enough for me to say that boys do not thrive well on too much civilization. A judicious use of unconventional methods and out door life will I assure you, render remarkable service in tuning boy energy to a harmonious cooperation with you and the service you desire to do for his spiritual development. Let us bear these things in mind, good junior worker, and not forget that we are leading the boy toward Jesus Christ.

Getting at the boy need not be the almost impossible task we have thought it to be. He is loving, responsive and easily won. If you would win him, love him. See to it that your affection does not become obnoxious by the development of too much sentiment and you will, in due time, touch hearts with him, and mutual love will establish a kinship.

Do not be afraid of modern methods. They are designed to reach the very boy you are after. The splendid work being done by the many well qualified workers in the church speaks with profound emphasis of their importance. It is not surprising that this educational advance has invaded our children's room and sent the faithful worker home with a mind hungry for new methods. For truly, it seems that the atmosphere of this children's century has even vitalized the child's mind and he comes to us and demands the best we have; and if that isn't good enough, we are left alone. Unfortunately, this spirit doesn't always contribute to the soundest religious life; but if the influence is detrimental, the cause will be found in the administration and not in the methods. But herein lies the greatest difficulty in church work with children. Not all adults are able to combine the good, wholesome, spiritual element with the newer ways of handling the children's work. And it is well that it is so. Some can only conduct a class meeting, but past proficiency in that sphere of service has made possible the present development of many of our children's societies, and those whose ability is limited to this method of conducting a children's meeting may not be the least successful in work with the junior folk. I believe, however, that that rare individual who is doubly blessed with the spiritual life and the ability to lead the restless, energetic youngsters through the play hour to Christ, will be several times more successful with the average child.

There are many discouragements for every worker. Sometimes I wonder if, with all our striving for ways and means of reaching the boys, we are really winning out, and then I hear of a discouraged worker who fails to meet the boys at the regular hour and I learn that the ungovernable boy did not forget to ask why he was away.

I am glad the boy did not forget to ask, for his question destroys my doubt.

MINISTERS' MEETING AT SAN QUENTIN.

The Ministers' Monday Club will meet with Chaplain Drahts, at San Quentin, Monday, May 20, when an opportunity will be given to visit the prison. The train leaves Tiburon ferry at 9:15 A. M., and returns at 12:30 and 3:15 P. M. Round trip ticket 50 cents. Ladies are not permitted within the prison walls. Persons desiring to go are asked to give names to secretary of the Club so that proper arrangements may be made. It is expected that addresses will be made by Chaplain Drahts and by Secretary Gates of the State Board of Charities and Corrections.

TWO DAYS AT GUERNEVILLE.

The Sonoma Association Meeting.

The Sonoma Association meeting at Guerneville lastweek was one of splendid fellowship and of large inspiration to all who were in attendance. The address of welcome in Guild Hall by the Rev. W. L. Jones, a beloved California pioneer, around the table just after the noon-day lunch on Tuesday, was the beginning of a fine lot of addresses and papers to hear which was a pleasure.

The whole program centered on the subject of "Religious Experience." The Rev. A. B. Patten of Santa Rosa spoke on "The Religious Experience of Christ." He showed that there was in his experience much that was unique and yet much that belonged to our common humanity. There was in Jesus no sin and therefore no feeling of contrition. But there was a feeling of need. Jesus did not have to put away sin within him, but he had to put it away from before him. It was shown in a graphic manner that the word "Father" gives the secret of Jesus' religious life. He was not so endowed as to be exempt from coming to the Father for illumination and help again and again. Referring to the occasion when he was in the temple, in the midst of the doctors of the law, both hearing them and asking questions, as well as to other incidents in his life, it was said that Jesus did not come into a knowledge of God without a quest of God. And it was through prayer that he kept in touch with God. Even up to Gethsemane he needed to go to the Father in prayer, and on the cross he breathed the word "Father." Jesus was the one complete child of God, and lived a real life under the guidance of the spirit of God. If Jesus' experiences had not been perfect in the ordinary ways there would have been no foundation for the extraordinary. As to the extraordinary Mr. Patten showed that Jesus had a consciousness of a unique relation to the Father and of being able to reveal the Father.

This address was followed by a paper by the Rev. C. C. Cragin of Sonoma on "Disciples' Experience as Related to Christ." We enjoyed this so greatly that it was asked for publication, and appears in this issue of The Pacific. It speaks for itself.

The first evening of the Association there was an inspiring address by the Rev. A. Patten on "Finding the Glory of the Christian Experience." It was shown that religion is one of the elemental instincts of our nature. Every life roots in God, and deep in the soul there is a point where the divine meets the human. The story of "the child in the midst" was taken and through this was it made plain that the way into the Kingdom is through the child-like spirit. Trusting and obeying the God who made us we have one religious experience, and find wells of water springing within us unto everlasting life.

Speaking on "Variety of Religious Experience," the Rev. W. L. Jones said that he could not remember a time when he was not taught by his mother and father of the deep truths of life and in such a manner as to lead to belief and consequent action. His address was a strong plea for such Christian nurture as Horace Bushnell advocated. He would have things constituted as to have it not only in Christian families but in every Christian community.

In an address on "Stages of Religious Experience," the Rev. J. G. Hambleton, of Sebastopol, showed how what was at first only an imitation of reverence or

an unconscious reverence led to real reverence. Every genuine and satisfactory religious experience is a growth; it is something from within, and it is a mistake to seek to foist it from without. Incidents in different lives were cited showing in what manner different persons had attained to their deepest religious experiences. For one it had been through association with a manly man; for another through the reading of a book; for another through a verse of Scripture accidentally laid upon his desk. Mr. Hambleton's address made it evident that he has considerable familiarity with psychology and that he is a student of the child mind and growth.

Mr. L. G. Scott, of Sebastopol, discussed "Varieties of Religious Experience." As men in the street seem much alike and are really very different so Christians differ very widely. False motives in seeking the Christian life lead to experiences which the world calls religious; as we look closer we find them imitations, unworthy the name. Over against these types we place the true Christian whose experience is real and wholesome. He realizes his responsibility to God and endeavors, without self-seeking or vain-glory, to live a clean, true life before Him.

F. A. Bissell, pastor at Green Valley, gave an answer to the question, "What is Spirituality?" It is, first of all, the life we share with God. It is the true normal life of man; not one side or phase of life. Spirituality at foundation is a matter of moral character. Ought is the ward of morality, covering the whole range of life.

Elements of character, of spirituality, we call feeling, intellect and will. We must love God with mind and strength, with intellect and will.

Spirituality is communion with God. We shall find him through truth and through life. We shall grow spiritually as we forget ourselves and live for others, as we go out of ourselves and hunger and thirst for humanity.

E. J. Ruddock, M. D., gave an address on the "Religious Experience and Bodily Well-being." The spirit of man is like the vessel on the deep; conscience is the man at the wheel. The human body is subject to many untoward influences. Man is given many faculties of mind and is not limited to bodily susceptibilities. He protests himself by reason and he needs a well developed body in order that the reasoning processes may have free play. Reason comes from God; through it we find the soul of nature and see the Creator in all his works.

The animal has no spiritual sense; man sends out his higher faculties and attains religious experience. Normal development is rare. Mrs. Eddy is a type of faulty development; her bad traits grew and spread to others.

The child has an inheritance which must have development. In body and soul it must have proper training and surroundings. Only so can the spiritual life find growth.

At the dinner hour the Moderator, Mr. C. E. Wingate, gave an inspiring address on Religious Experience in the army, 1861-65. The work of the Christian Commission was vividly portrayed, and the constant urgency of religious work made very clear.

In the evening the sermon was preached by Pastor F. A. Bissell. It was a forceful setting forth of the thought that Christian experience is a practical, every-day experience, capable of demonstration in the life of every man, here and now.

Through all this life the one religion of doing good, of being kind, has testified to the glory of Christ. The "new religion" of Elbert Hubbard is as old as Christianity. The tendency now is toward more practical exemplification of religion. In other nations movements are beginning whose purpose is to bring Christ into the life of men. In this nation the movement for church union is an expression of the same purpose. Love, the love of Christ, is the one theme in which we all unite.

After the sermon Mr. Wingate talked to the children present about a hammer and a thumb experience; they will not forget his illustration.

The Association endorsed by a unanimous and hearty vote the plan of union of the Congregational, United Brethren and Methodist Protestant churches.

Santa Rosa was chosen as the place for the next meeting. An amendment to the constitution was adopted which will enable the Association to ordain persons for the gospel ministry when churches so request.

No one could spend a day or two at Guerneville without finding evidence on all sides of the good work done there by the Rev. E. Hoskins who for the second time is pastor there. California Congregationalism is to be congratulated in that it has this consecrated Christian worker.

The Association had two moderators. The Rev. C. C. Cragin for the first part of the meeting; and when it was necessary for him to leave, Mr. C. E. Wingate of Santa Rosa was elected. By their timely and well chosen words here and there during the sessions they added greatly to the interest and value of the meeting.

Through what they gave and through what they received the church people in Guerneville entered into a richness of fellowship which will leave its aroma among them a long time.

The editor of The Pacific appreciated the good words uttered by many concerning the paper and its value in our church work and felt encouraged thereby.

Not finding it possible to remain to the close of the meeting we are indebted to the Rev. J. G. Hambleton, the scribe, for a part of this report.

THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

As friends gather at the home of a favorite hostess, recalling the pleasure of a preceding visit, so the H. M. U. of Northern California gathered at Plymouth Church, San Francisco, on Thursday, April 25th; early, and in an expectant mood, which was not disappointed.

Beginning the day with the appropriate petition, "let the thoughts of our hearts and the words of our mouth be acceptable in thy sight," the little word "if" as used in God's word, was brought to our attention with its weight of meaning in such passages as Deut. 28:1-6, Joshua 14:12, John 9:33, Acts 5:38,39. The uncertainty of the "if" is always on the human side: the promises of God are sure.

The Union's Honorary President, Mrs. M. L. Merritt, always remembered as the one who organized the W. H. M. Society of California, and Mrs. Wm. Searby, another friend of our Union, both of whom seem to be nearing the end of life's journey, were specially remembered in prayer.

A gift of fifty dollars from one who has recently gone from us, Mrs. S. M. Farnum, was reported by

our corresponding secretary, and another of one hundred dollars from one who had expected to be present with her gift, was mentioned by the treasurer.

While regretting that one of our Auxiliaries has recently been swept away by the flood, it is good to know that one has been added to our number in Humboldt county. That of San Francisco First has been reorganized, and has bravely set about meeting its pledge of last year, in addition to raising the same amount for the ensuing one.

Our Union is fortunate in having earnest, active Associational Secretaries, but how are they to remove the crust of indifference in our churches? Mrs. E. S. William's little book of "Facts" was prepared to aid in this. Send for it, to Mrs. J. H. O'Brien, 1416 Arch St., Berkeley; also for programs on work for the California Indians, and fresh literature from the Educational Society. "Congregational Work" was also recommended as helpful in preparing programs for missionary meetings; it is published at 1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia. Subscription price twenty-five cents a year.

What we all need however, for creating or intensifying interest in missionary work of any kind, is the constraining power of the love of Christ, acting as leaven in developing the spirit of giving, of our sympathy, interest and money.

Following the generous lunch served by the ladies of Plymouth Church, the subject of the afternoon was charmingly introduced by the rendering of Indian music, vocal and instrumental, by Mrs. R. C. Brooks and Mrs. W. C. Mason. Then, "The World to Christ We Bring," followed by the thought of the beauty and inspiration given to one's life by having a mission, and that our Saviour left us His mission, viz. "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you," to represent Him; His peace and His love, to the world, prepared us to give serious attention to Mrs. T. C. Edward's fresh presentation of the needs of our California Indians. We still have 17,000 in the state; 13,500 in this northern portion; 8,000 of them paupers, wandering from place to place because deprived of homes. Victims of white men dealing in liquor contrary to laws which no one takes the trouble to enforce; punished for whatever they may do while under its influence, without regard to justice in the case. Ignorant, because the Indian children are barred out from the white children's schools; degraded as the natural consequence of all this; yet the time was, when our ancestors were savages, their ancestors were 'a gentle, clean and noble race,' having just laws, clean lives, pure homes, well bred children, "A worshipping people, with symbolisms and a love of music and poetry superior to ours," until constant ill treatment by those who have robbed them of their land, has also crushed out their manhood.

Since our Union was appealed to before in their behalf, the discovery that the treaty made with them fifty years ago has never been kept, has led to an appropriation of \$100,000 being made the past year for providing them with small portions of land on which to live and support themselves. The people are now eager for education and religious instruction. A few small missions have been started, but none by our denomination. Can we longer be excused from heeding this call? What can our Union do, so that the Master will not be obliged to say to us, "This ought ye to have done, and not left the other things

undone." "Inasmuch as ye did it not to them ye did it not to me."

Two things which each individual may have part in on their behalf are prayer, and a change in public sentiment in the matter of granting school privileges to every Indian child in the state.

Let all who can, bring influence to bear for investigating and enforcing the state liquor law.

Provision is made by the Government for the support of "Field Matrons," of whom California now has five. The duty of each is home development, on the same lines as those followed by social settlement workers, or teachers among the colored people in rural districts in the South. While their salaries are assured, these Field Matrons need supplies of medicine, sewing materials, bright pictures, curtain stuffs, etc. to the amount of five dollars per month, to which any one may contribute through the Union. Also at Christmas, boxes of gifts for distribution are a great help to them.

Will not each Associational Secretary ascertain at once if there are any Indians in her district, and report to Mrs. Williams their number and condition; whether anything is being done for them and by whom; that we may decide how best to include some of these neglected ones in our missionary work.

L. E. A.

THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY ASSOCIATION.

The Sacramento Valley Association met in the First Congregational Church, Sacramento, May 1st and 2nd. Rev. F. M. Washburn of Lodi, was elected moderator, and W. P. Fassett of Loomis, registrar.

The reports from the local churches were quite encouraging, though several churches are without regular pastors.

During the discussion of "The New Temperance Movement," much satisfaction was expressed over the recent judicial decision of Judge Artman, declaring saloon license unconstitutional, and that of Judge Christian, who declared the saloon a public nuisance.

Special interest was manifested in the Tri-Church Council Movement, F. M. Washburn addressing the Association on this subject.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Sacramento Valley Association heartily approves the present day movement for church union, and sincerely hopes that everything may be satisfactorily adjusted to bring about the union of the United Brethren in Christ, the Methodist Protestant and Congregational churches.

Rev. T. J. Bauder of the United Brethren Church, was present and was introduced to the Association.

Rev. H. K. Booth, on the part of the ministry, and W. P. Fassett, on the part of the lay members, were chosen nominees for corporate membership in the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

H. M. Smith of Lodi, was elected delegate to the National Council.

W. P. Fassett.
Registrar.

A cablegram from Harpoot, Turkey, announces the birth of another son to Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Atkinson. These missionaries are supported by the First Church, San Francisco.

Among the Churches.

Saratoga.—On May 5th this church received seven members, one of them being on confession.

Sonoma.—Received one into church fellowship on confession on Sunday, May 5th. \$10 was raised recently for the San Francisco Green Street Church, by a social held at the home of one of our members.

Pacific Grove, Mayflower.—The pastor, Rev. J. H. Gootell, is preaching a series of Sunday evening sermons on the life of Joseph; these sermons are of special interest and helpfulness, and receive the close attention of good evening congregations. The hour of the midweek meeting last Thursday evening was mainly taken up with the reports of the delegates and representatives from the church to the recent meeting of the Santa Clara Association at Redwood City. Each of the five members reported particular features of the proceedings of the meeting, which proved of so much interest that we found the hour passing all too quickly. Next April the Association will meet with Mayflower Church of Pacific Grove by invitation.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

By Iowertth.

Early Sunday morning, May the 28th, the Rev. John D. Jones, pastor of Corbin Park Church, departed this life at the age of 51 years. He was born near Carmarthen City, Wales, and remained in that region until a young man. Having graduated at Carmarthen College, he came to this country and took his theological course at Yale. He began his ministry at Neath, Pa., in 1894. After 8 years of service for this church he came to this state. He has served with great acceptance since in this state the churches at Ritzville, Medical Lake, Dayton, and Corbin Park, Spokane. He was a preacher of unusual charm and ability, and was unusually successful as a pastor. He was a faithful minister of Jesus Christ. He leaves a widow and three children, one son and two daughters.

Through the instrumentality of Evangelist D. H. Reid, primarily, a church has been organized at Five Mile Prairie, a suburb of Spokane. It starts off with 20 members and prospects of wholesome growth. Evangelist Reid has done and is doing excellent work in this state. He is an able preacher, a good organizer, and above all a man of deep and profound spirituality.

Dr. House is proving himself the right man in the right place as pastor of First Church, Spokane. The people are enthusiastic over him, and are willing to follow. He is preaching to large audiences and there is talk about enlarging the building. He is billed for several addresses before school audiences.

The church at Cheney has made decided progress during the ministry of Rev. F. O. Wyatt. He has a large proportion of the faculty as well as students of the Normal School in his congregation. The great need now is a better church building for which they are planning.

The church at Ritzville is doing splendid work under the ministry of Rev. W. M. Proctor. A pipe organ has been recently installed and dedicated. It will doubtless prove a great attraction and promote religious interest in the town.

The Rev. G. H. Rice is serving the churches of Pleasant Prairie and Orchard Prairie very acceptably. The church at the latter place has grown rapidly, 16 having been received on confession of faith during the year. A parsonage costing \$1,200 has been erected in a central location, the fields being only three miles apart.

ANOTHER WORD FOR GREEN STREET CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

Rev. E. L. Walz and Mrs. Walz have with rare fidelity and good judgment carried the Fourth Congregational Church of San Francisco through the trying times since the great earthquake and fire, and the church is now housed in a hastily constructed temporary building. They need a well equipped church, fitted for the peculiar work needed in that neighborhood; they have the confidence of all our brethren about the bay, and as they go for a campaign to secure help for their building I take great pleasure in commending them to any to whom they may come. The need of their church is great; the response of our denomination for rebuilding has not been large; they are nobly taking the field to do what they can for their own work; we are all anxious that they shall succeed.

George C. Adams,
Pastor of First Church.

San Francisco, Cal., May 4, 1907.

The Sunday-school at Glen Ellen is supporting an orphan boy in Bitlis, Turkey. Because of the fact that the recent earthquake there has left the people and the missionaries homeless the school has sent five dollars extra. We have before us a circular sent out by Miss Emily C. Wheeler of Worcester, Massachusetts, asking for aid for the people of Bitlis. We have no space for it this week. The need is great. When the earthquake came the people had not recovered from the massacre, and the oppression all the time by the Turk makes their lot a hard and sad one. Contributions may be sent to Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall street, New York.

GROWTH.

Have you watched the new buds grow
In these early days of Spring?
Brown-green stems of roses show
Pink points pricking from below—
What delight to see them change!
Growing is a lovely thing!

Pleasant 'tis in any form
Baby's hand or bird-ling's wing,
Fur-clad kittens soft and warm,
Lambs safe-folded from the storm,
Reddening fruit or goldening grain,
Growth is sweet in anything.

High as Heaven above the Earth
Growth within o'ertops the whole,
'Tis man's grandest right of birth
And when we can know its worth
We can share the Master's joy—
Best of all is growth of soul.

Belle W. Cooke.

Berkeley, March 1st, 1907.

The Home.

THE SPENDING SEX.

"It is such a rest, now that Henry is succeeding so splendidly, that I no longer have to put my mind on the pennies and nickels," remarked a well-dressed young matron. "I hope the day will soon come when the dimes and quarters will cease to have a vital interest to me, too. When I do not have to think twice before I spend a quarter, I really shall feel rich."

"You may feel so, but you will never be so," said her listener with a smile. "When our husbands, who make the money, figure out business matters they are as keen as wolves over an eighth of a cent per yard or per dozen. When we, who are the spenders of their money, grow careless over the pennies—to say nothing of the quarters—there is bound to be trouble. I used to think as you do, but I'm come to see that responsibility goes with every cent of money passing through my hands. I want to know exactly how much I am spending week by week, and for what. Money given, and money saved, and money used for definite expenses, I feel contented about; but money just plain wasted without knowing how it goes, makes me ashamed of myself. John never asks for an account. But he said the other day, 'Lucy, if we had but ten dollars a week, I'm certain you would manage well on it; and if we had a million a year to spend, I'd trust you to do exactly what ought to be done with every cent.' That was praise worth working for. It may not be altogether deserved; John is prejudiced where I am concerned. But he recognized that I have always tried to be a responsible spender."

"I suppose that's the ideal," said the first woman. "But when I think that I've got to consider every quarter till I die, life stretches ahead like a nightmare. I like to have a lot of small change, like a man, and spend it without looking at it. Talk about men whey, they never look at a nickel, most of them."

"Their responsibility is to make the income," insisted the other, "and ours is to spend it. Their branch of the work has its own uncomfortable side, just as ours has. The fact remains that in spending, which is our business, we ought to be as exact and thorough as they are in their business. What the market quotations are to John, in his morning paper, sets me the example of what the market prices at the grocer's and the butcher's should be to me in absorbing interest."

"Well, little things do count, of course, that way," conceded the younger woman. "If we had only the income we had three years ago, the butcher's bill would be a very serious business nowadays. Luckily, we have more to spend. Henry sometimes talks about saving, but as I tell him, we can't save as long as everything from beef to buttons keeps moving up in price."

"We've always saved," said the other gently. "Not much at a time, but always something, so that we could feel that we were holding our ground. It seemed to make John comfortable in his mind, when we were first married, just to see the savings bank book in my drawer. It was an experiment, you see, our getting married at all on his salary." She smiled. "We were just fifteen dollars ahead, and in the savings bank, I remember, on the first anniversary of our wedding, and John said that every dollar represented a ton of

worry lifted from his mind as to whether marriage was a failure. And I knew what he meant, for I felt the same way myself. That balance meant that we could do it—we were safe. Because, you see, we'd had sickness, and there had been the installments to pay on the house, and still we weren't in debt, and had saved. Vital interest! why that year every nickel was a possibility of happiness or misery. And I believe it's meant to be, for money really means opportunity grasped or missed, down to the last penny."

Pity that more women do not realize it! The spender of the household—how utterly the power of the purse resides with her in the ultimate issue; and how the community and the nation take color from her qualities in this regard. Why is the department store, with its myriads of tawdry, cunningly-displayed wares, an American outgrowth? Why is the American woman abroad a name for extravagance? Why is adulteration rampant in food and material? The spenders who do not educate themselves to their work, make the trouble. They buy the bargain because it is cheap; they buy food without knowledge of food values; they spend as they go, carelessly with a horror of being "stingy." Americans are the greatest and worst spenders in the world; their deficiencies are known from China to Peru. And the American woman rather prides herself, in many cases, on her deficiencies. If the American man is increasingly late to marry, it is because he knows the American girl to be a poor economist, requiring an income with margin enough for waste. Even on a side issue, the American girl, in what has been known as the "international bargain-counter for dukes," displays a conspicuous lack of ability to spend her fortune wisely, as an European heiress could tell her.

Power misused and opportunity thrown away—that is a record not in the least confined to the rich waster of money. It can and does apply to the wife of a ten-dollar-a-week man as well as to the wife or daughter of a millionaire. The study of what can be gotten out of an income of fifteen hundred a year is really far more important to the nation than how to curb great fortunes; for the great fortune is forever the exception, and the small income the rule.

The spending sex has a dignified and important problem to solve, day by day. It may not seem dignified to a tired woman when she is endeavoring to arrange tomorrow's expenses so as to save ten cents; but in reality she is doing a vital work. Family character largely depends upon it; for many a wife's wise administration of small means saves her husband from pressure which might make him anxious to get money at any price, and teaches her children thrift and independence. The woman who spends money, in large or small measure, without consciousness of either power or responsibility in spending, fails in a foundation duty to the home, to society, and to the state. It sounds like an impressive indictment—but is it not true?—Priscilla Leonard.

The Quiet Hour.

HABITUAL KINDNESS.

There is no gift of grace that goes further toward making one beloved than the art of simple kindness. Just to be kind, in smile, and word and deed, is the shortest, surest road to power over other lives. It is

better to be kind than brilliant; one brings affection and loyalty; the other usually brings in its train only envy and bitterness. This adornment of simple kindness is within the reach of everybody. The grace is one that grows in any soil, and beneath clouds or sunshine, snow or rain. It has taken centuries for men to grow into anything like an adequate appreciation of the wondrous excellence of Jesus; but the humble peasant by the lake of Gallilee or upon the hills of Judea could constantly discern and understand his simple kindness, for kindness is the universal language.—Exchange.

HIS HERITAGE.

His was a strong, bronzed face, seared with the lines that told of years of toil. His frame was slightly bent as of one who had borne heavy burdens, and his hands were huge and boney. Her small hand lay in his big one, as it had in the long ago, when they had strolled over the fields together and talked of the future. It was thus they had walked from the little chapel when the wedding bells rang, and so they had walked through all the years of their comradeship.

Their home was among the hills where, amid the snows of winter, the rains of spring, and the suns of summer they had been faithful in the things that had been committed to them. They were used to the silence of the snow and of the hills, and the throb of the iron horse which carried them to their boy was an unaccustomed sound to them.

Now, their destination reached, they stood puzzled amid the crowd, pushed hither and thither by those whose business demanded haste. It was then that he came to them—this tall stranger with the piercing eyes. People had said of him, as he stood in his pulpit, that he saw visions there and dreamed dreams. He beheld a vision now and the years that were past rolled before him.

He saw a little cottage at the end of the lane, a cheery fire burning within, a sweet-faced woman by the fireside holding a wee laddie in her arms. He hears once again the gentle woman's stories of knight errantry and service, and feels again the strong clasp of his father's hand as he walks with him through the meadow in the cool of the day.

Then there is a vision of the home-leaving, the strenuous college life, the weary seeking for a parish, the repeated failure and final success, the call to the great church, the summons to a large service, and through it all the dear face of the little woman, who stands beside him now, holding her arms open for him as so often she had done in the days that have gone.

* * * * *

It was Sunday, and they sat side by side in the pastor's pew in the great church.

Simple in their lives, their simplicity showed itself by contrast with the well-groomed crowds about them. The text that day was a short one, "As a father pitieth his children," and the minister preached from a full heart. Words flowed from his lips like a song, and strong men bowed themselves, swayed by his eloquence. For the aged couple in the pastor's pew this world had passed away, even the lowly cottage among the hills was forgotten, and they had come into a godlier heritage. The visions of the preacher—their boy—they beheld now with their own eyes. All things had become new, and the glory that was to be shone about them.

The sermon was ended and the prayer of a great

soul went up to God: "For the young we pray thee as they look with eager face into the future and, with light heart, live the present. Give them the grace of service, spare them the touch of evil, and lead them into the still places where Thou hast walked.

"For the men and women who are bearing the day's burdens, we pray thee. Give faith and courage and a clear vision; make them fit for service, and may they overcome in the spirit of their Master. And now for the old and infirm, whose achievements are in the past, and who are weary with travel and eager for rest" (and here the preacher's voice broke a little and a wave of emotion rolled over his soul), "give abiding faith in their Father's promises for them, a sweet consciousness of his leading, and an ever-continuing sense of his nearness till the day dawn and the shadows flee away."

* * * * *

The day has long since dawned on the two who sat in the preacher's pew, and the preacher himself is now a gray-haired man. To his church there flock an ever-increasing number of those whom the city calls great, but he is still a man of visions, and he sees them not.

For him it is enough that he still sees in the pew before him the two dear faces whose shining speaks to him of the eternal.—Christian World.

Young People.

FLEET WING AND SWEET VOICE.

Mother and Father Pigeon lived with their two young pigeons in their home, built high on a post in the king's barnyard. Every bright morning they would fly away through the beautiful sunshine wherever they pleased, but when evening came, they were sure to come to the pigeon-house again.

One evening when they were talking together in their sweet, cooing way, Mother Pigeon said:

"We each have a story to tell, I know; so let each one take his turn, and Father Pigeon begin."

Then Father Pigeon said:

"Today I have been down to the shining little stream that runs through the wood. The green ferns grow on either side of it, and the water is cool, cool, cool! for I dipped my feet into it, and wished that you were all there."

"I know the stream," cooed Mother Pigeon. "It turns the wheels of the mills as it hurries along, and is busy all day on its way to the river."

"Today I have talked with the birds in the garden," said Sweet Voice, one of the young pigeons, "the thrush, the blackbird and bluebird, and all. They sang to me and I cooed to them, and together we made the world gay. The bluebird sang of the sunshine, and the blackbird of the harvest; but the thrush sang the sweetest song. It was about her nest in the tree."

"I heard you all," said Fleet Wing, the other young pigeon, "for I sat and listened on the high church tower. I was so high up there that I thought I was higher than anything else; but I saw the great sun shining in the sky, and the little white clouds, like sky-pigeons, sailing above me. Then looking down, I saw, far away, this white pigeon-house, and it made me very glad, for nothing I saw was so lovely as home."

"I never fly away from home," said Mother Pigeon, "and today I visited in the chicken-yard. The hens were all talking and they greeted me with 'Good morning! Good morning!' and the rooster said 'How do you do?' While I chattered with them a little girl came out with a basket of yellow corn, and threw some for us all. When I was eating my share, I longed for my dear ones. And now, good night," cooed Mother Pigeon, "it is sleepy-time for us all."

"Coo, coo! good night!" answered the others, and all was still in the pigeon-house.

Now, over in the palace, where the king and queen and their little daughter lived, there was a sound of music and laughter; but the king's little daughter was sad, for early next morning her father was to start on a journey, and she loved him so dearly that she could not bear to have him leave her.

The king's little daughter could not go out in the sunshine like Sweet Voice and Fleet Wing, but lay all day within the palace on her silken cushions; for her little feet in their satin slippers were always too weak to carry her about, and her thin little face was as white as a jasmine flower.

The king loved her as dearly as she loved him, and when he saw that she was sad, he tried to think of something to make her glad after he had gone away. At last he called a prince and whispered something to him. The prince told it to a count, and the count to a gentleman-in-waiting.

The gentleman-in-waiting called a footman, and the footman told somebody else, and at last the boy who waited on the cook heard it.

Early next morning he went to the pigeon-house, where Mother and Father Pigeon and their two young pigeons lived; and putting his hand through a door, he took Sweet Voice and Fleet Wing out, and dropped them into a basket.

Poor Sweet Voice and Fleet Wing! They were so frightened that they could not coo. They sat very close to each other in the covered basket and wondered when they would see their mother and father and home again.

All the time, as they sat close together in the basket and wondered, they were being taken away from home; for the king had started on his journey, and one of his gentlemen was carrying the basket very carefully with him on his horse.

At last the horse stood still and the basket was taken to the king; and when he opened it, the two little pigeons looked up and saw that the sun was high in the sky and that they were far from home.

When they saw that they were far from home, they were more frightened than before, but the king spoke so kindly and smoothed their feathers so gently, that they knew he would take care of them.

Then the king took two tiny letters with lovely blue ribbons out of his pocket, and while his gentlemen stood by to see, he fastened one under a wing of each little pigeon.

"Fly away, little pigeons!" he cried, and he tossed them up toward the sky. "Fly away, and carry my love to my little daughter."

Fleet Wing and Sweet Voice spread their wings joyfully, for they knew that they were free! and they wanted to go home.

Everywhere they saw green woods instead of the red roofs and shining windows of the town, and Sweet Voice was afraid, but Fleet Wing said:

"I saw these woods from the tall church steeple. Home is not so far away as we thought."

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Then they lost no time in talking, but turned their heads homeward, and as they flew, the little gray squirrels that ran about in the woods called out to ask them to play, but the pigeons could not stay.

The wood-dove heard them, and called from her tree, "Little doves, come in!" But the pigeons thanked her and hurried on.

"Home is not so far away," said Fleet Wing, but he began to fear that he had missed the way, and Sweet Voice was so tired that she begged him to fly on alone.

Fleet Wing would not listen to this, and as they talked they came to a little stream of water with green ferns growing all about, and they knew it must be the very stream that Father Pigeon loved. Then they cooled their tired feet in the fresh water and cooed for joy, for they knew that they were getting nearer, nearer home all the time.

Sweet Voice was not afraid then, and as they flew from the shelter of the woods, they saw the tall church steeple with its golden weather-vane.

The sun was in the west, and the windows were all shining in its light, when Fleet Wing and Sweet Voice reached the town. The little children saw them and called, "Stay with us, pretty pigeons." But Sweet Voice and Fleet Wing did not rest until they reached the white pigeon-house, where Mother and Father Pigeon were waiting.

The cook's boy was waiting too, and the little pigeons were taken in to see the king's little daughter. When she found the letters which they carried under their wings, she laughed with delight, and Fleet Wing and Sweet Voice were very proud to think that they had brought glad news to their princess.

They told it over and over again out in the pigeon-house, and Mother and Father Pigeon were glad too.

In the morning, the birds in the garden were told of the wonderful things that had happened to Fleet Wing and Sweet Voice, and even the hens and chickens had something to say when they heard the news.

The thrush said that it all made her think of her own sweet song, and she sang it again to them:

"Wherever I fly from my own dear nest,
I always come back, for home is the best."

—Mother Stories.

THE EVOLUTION OF LIGHT.

When grandma was a little girl,
And was sent up to bed,
She carried then a "tallow-dip,"
Held high above her head.
When mamma used to go upstairs,
After she'd said "Good-night,"
Her mother always held a lamp
So she could have its light.
As soon as sister's bedtime came,
When she was a little lass,
If she found the room too dark,
Mamma would light the gas.
Now, when the sandman comes for me
I like to have it bright;
So I reach up and turn the key
Of my electric light.
And maybe, my dear dolly,
If she lives out her days,
Will see through the darkness
With the magical X-rays!
—St. Nicholas.

INVITATIONS.

Trudie Brooke was going home from Sabbath-school. She was not pleased. "Nobody told me that I was welcome. They ought to tell that to strangers. I don't feel like going there again."

She thought of the girls who had been in the class with her.

"They looked as if they were very nice indeed," said Trudie, regretfully; "but not one of them said she hoped I'd come next time. I think they might have. And the teacher didn't say it. Well, if they don't want me, I suppose I can just stay away."

As Trudie walked along she sighed deeply, and felt homesick to be back in the dear class where she had "belonged" for so many happy Sabbaths.

"I was in my own right place then," she told herself, "but now I haven't any place; nobody cares about me in this school."

A big lump was coming in Trudie's throat. She was afraid that she might cry "in the middle of the street." She looked hastily around to see who would see her if she did.

Not far before her was a girl of about her own size. Trudie remembered that they had sat beside each other on the back seat in the Sabbath-school room at first, and that the superintendent had come to speak to them both.

"She was a stranger, too," thought Trudie. "I just wonder if anybody invited her to join regularly! It's a shame if they didn't; because she looks—poor."

The girl's dress was faded and old-fashioned; her coat was too small, and her hat—

"Well, it's a hat, and that's all!" said Trudie. "There isn't one bit of ornament on it. She is the very kind that ought to be asked to come again, and I don't believe she was. Oh, dear! I wish I was a real member; I would tell her to be sure not to forget next time."

The girl ahead had reached the corner, and was turning down. Trudie could stand it no longer. She waved her hand to her as she looked back for a minute, and the girl stopped.

"You're coming next Sabbath, aren't you?" said Trudie.

"Oh, yes," said the girl cheerfully; "I'm coming every Sabbath. I like Sabbath-school."

Trudie hesitated a little. "Did the

teacher or somebody," she ventured to ask, "invite you back again?"

"Not particularly." The girl spoke slowly, as though she had not thought of it before. "But they meant me to come, you know; only there were so many others they had to talk to. Of course, they meant it. Mother says that it's silly not to feel invited to all churches everywhere. Nobody could make us uninvited if they tried. How could they?"

If Trudie had an answer to this question, she had no time to give it, for a breathless voice was speaking in their ears.

"I have been racing after you for squares!" panted Louise Dale, who had "looked the nicest" of all that were in Trudie's class. "If you hadn't stopped here before you began to go two different ways, I never would have caught you both."

She was so friendly that all Trudie's doubts fled without waiting for another word.

"Everybody was glad to have you at our Sabbath-school today," said Louise; "and we hope that you will come every Sabbath."

Trudie smiled over at the other girl. "We have a big invitation now," she said, rather shamefacedly. "Another big invitation," persisted the girl in the short-sleeved coat and the hat which had no shape. "It is just another."

"Both of our regular teachers had to be away today," said Louise. "They are lovely. You'll see next Sabbath."

—S. Campbell, in S. S. Visitor.

When there is so much imperfect vision, we can hardly be sure that our own eyes are absolutely reliable. So we must learn to express our opinions humbly, and with due respect for those of others; above all, having charity. A voice that habitually "sharps" or "flats" will spoil a choir; so an intolerant spirit will ruin the harmony of a household.
—J. F. Willing.

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Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.
And this I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen.

A SPELLING LESSON.

"Poor, very poor!" sighed mamma.
"Queer, isn't it, that that child cannot
learn to spell? Can't you help her,
Katherine?"

Katherine was Lotta's oldest sister.
She was in the high school, and was
going to be graduated in June. You
may think she had very little time to
give to a little sister in the third grade
who could not spell, yet she answered
mama's question cheerfully; "I'll try,
mamma dear. Where is Lotta?"

Soon two heads were bending over a
book. "Spell 'pieces,'" said Katherine.
"P-e-i"—began Lotta.

"How do you spell 'pie'?" interrupt-
ed Katherine.

"Why, 'p-i-e,' of course," said Lotta
promptly.

"Now, would you like a piece of pie?"
asked Katherine. "Think of the pie."

"P-i-e-c-e-s!" spelled Lotta.

"Can you spell 'wasp'?"

"W-a-p-s." "Try 'was' first," suggest-
ed Katherine.

"That's easy. 'W-a-s.'"

"Now 'wasp.'"

"O! 'W-a-s-p.' Katherine, you are
so good to help me spell!"

One day Miss Lane heard Lotta and
some of her friends talking together
very earnestly.

"You used to miss every day, Lotta,"
said one. "How is it you never do
now?"

"Why, you just want to think of
some word you know already that is
like the one you want to learn. Take
these words in to-morrow's lesson.
'Nothing' is 'no thing,' and anyone can
spell both of those words, and then put
them together. 'Father' is 'fat-her.'"

"Many" is 'man-y.' And so on. I just
love to spell now!"—Exchange.

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